

1767

A N
E L E G I A C O D E

Sacred to the MEMORY of his late Royal Highness

EDWARD AUGUSTUS,
DUKE of YORK.

By RICHARD ROLT,

Author of CAMBRIA, ELIZA, ALMENA, &c.

Siste modum ; — neque enim fortuna querenda

Sola tua est : similes aliorum respice casus :

Mitius ista feres.

OV. MET. lib. xv.

L O N D O N :

Printed by HALHED GARLAND, at N^o 30, in Green-
Arbour-Court, near St. Sepulchre's Church.

THE
FELICIA ODE

Sacred to the memory of his late Royal Highness

EDWARD AUGUSTUS
DUKE OF YORK

By RICHARD ROLT

Author of CAMBRIDGE, BRISTOL, &c.

With music; ————
And the text: under various religious
C. M. H. H. H.

L O N D O N :

Printed by HARRIS GARLAND, at No. 30, in Green-

Albion-Court, near St. Sepulchre's Church.

To Her Royal Highness

AUGUSTA,

PRINCESS DOWAGER of WALES.

MADAM,

AS I had the Honor, by your Permission,
to dedicate my "LIVES OF THE RE-
FORMERS" to your ROYAL HIGHNESS; and
as I had your royal and gracious Thanks on
that Occasion, transmitted to me by my late old
and worthy Friend Dr. STEPHEN HALES;
permit me also to present the following Tribute
of intended Consolation into your ROYAL Hands,

as

[iv]
as a small Testimonial of the pungent Grief
which I have more than once privately felt,
and publickly professed, on the unhappy Dimi-
nution of your illustrious Line: the future
Preservation of which is most ardently wished
by,

Royal Madam,

Your most obliged and

respectful humble Servant,

Chelsea, 26 Oct. 1767.

Ri: Rolt.

A N
E L E G I A C O D E,

Sacred to the MEMORY of his late Royal Highness
EDWARD-AUGUSTUS,
D U K E of Y O R K.

I.

“**T**REMBLING with palsy Terror” as she sung,
The rural Pipe forgot, the Lyre unstrung,
My humble Muse a grateful Tribute paid
To thy illustrious Sire’s lamented Shade.
Of royal *Edward*, fam’d in *Cressy*’s * Field,
Who gain’d new Honours to adorn his Shield,

A solemn Dirge I sung:
Lamenting much the Loss of such a Prince,
Whose Fame has never yet been equal’d since: —

His Trophies *Pallas* hung.

10

B

Next

* In 1346.

Next *Stuart Henry* * grac'd fair *Albion's* Isle :

Then did the Loves and Graces smile :

But ah ! that young *Marcellus* dy'd,

And like a blooming Rose was cropt in all his Pride.

II.

" Above the Trophies of triumphal Carrs,
Imperial Avarice, or Pomp of Wars,"

How greatly did thy *royal Father* shine,
With bright *Augusta* to adorn his Line !

" Blest, in their smiling Progeny, they saw
A British Race illustrious rise,

20

To keep the Tyrants of the World in Awe,

And lure fair Freedom to her native Skies.

They saw another GEORGE for Empire born ;

Another EDWARD, *Henry*, *William*, bloom divine,

To crush the insolent *Bourbonian* Line ;

To trample the proud Lillies down,

Affert great *Edward's* † Title to the *Gallic* Crown,

And, like thy Brothers, *Monmouth*, ‡ ENGLAND's Heir adorn.

They saw a young AUGUSTA beam

Imperial Splendor from her Eyes ;

30

Beauty

* Son of King JAMES I.

† King EDWARD III. in 1338.

‡ King HENRY V. in 1412.

Beauty that must some princely Heart inflame,
Some future Hero ripen into Fame.—

Happy in their blooming Heirs,
Each filial, each parental Bliss was theirs.

III.

High in the Noon of Glory, Joy, and Life,
Blest with the sweetest Offspring, and the noblest Wife,
Crown'd with a Nation's grateful Pray'r,
To fix him in the regal Sphere,
When Death his Father's Honours should invade,

Who did not envy his exalted State? 40

Ah! FREDERIC! who did not bless thy gracious Mate!

In that all-pleasing Ray

Of Life's serener Day,

How were our Hopes and Wishes crost?

Exterminated all and lost;

Sunk in the dreary Grave,

Lamented by the Virtuous, Wife, and Brave.

The Sons of Freedom dropt the Heart-sprung Tear,

Britannia all her Sorrows shed.

It was a Nation's Grief, strong and sincere; 50

Alas! their royal FREDERIC was dead.

IV.

I sung of FRED'RIC as I'd sing of Thee,
Which seem'd prophetic of thy Destiny.

" Inflam'd and languid on the Bed of Pain,
Sharp Anguish rushing to his Brain,

Who then could envy his exalted State?
Too fatal Proof how insecure and vain

Is Royalty's impurpled Train;
How tranfient are the Honours of the Great!
Was there no sage *Hypocrates* to save 60
That best of Princes from the common Grave?

V.

I ask'd the *Muses*, in that fatal Hour,
Where were they, when rude Death rapacious tore
His royal Heart afunder? I did ween,
They trod not then the hallow'd Groves of *Hippocrene*;

Nor on the *Byblian* Mountains did they stray;
Nor where old *Hefiod* tun'd his Lay,

In *Afira*'s chearless Shade:

Nor at *Permessus*' Fountain were they met;
Or round the sacred Spring of *Olmius* fet. 70

VI.

I ask'd the Daughters of immortal *Jove*,
 Where did they idly rove,
 To let their new-cropt Laurels fade?
 Did it exceed the *Æsculapian* Art,
 To turn aside the mortal Dart?
Phœbus, could thy prolific Pow'r,
 Rear no medicinal Flow'r,
 No Drug of sov'reign Use,
 No Herb's reviving Juice,
 To stay the fatal Sheers by *Clotho* held? 80
 Was there no *Musa* to restore
 This Prince, who his *Octavius* far excell'd?

VII.

I sung, " in Life's resplendent Bloom,
 With ev'ry Pleasure Life could ever know,
 With ev'ry Bliss that Empire could bestow,
 With ev'ry Pledge of nuptial Honour blest,
 With ev'ry Hope that soothes the fond paternal Breast,
 Great FREDERICK explor'd the dreary Tomb.
 That then how melancholy was the Scene,

When

When his fair Consort, and her infant Train, 90

Sate weeping by his Side !

There how voluptuously did Sorrow reign ?

For, ah ! inexorable *Death*

Exhal'd his royal Breath ;

And, much lamented by a World, he dy'd.

VIII.

So where proud *Libanus* invades the Skies,

Does the tall Cedar eminently rise :

From its fair Branches balmy Odours spread,

That with Ambrosia load the *Syrian* Gale ;

From its high Ayrie Eagles Heav'n affail, 100

And the young Ibex wantons round its Shade.

Long had it flourish'd in its graceful State,

The rude Winds scorn'd, and each *Sydonian* Blast,

That with tempestuous Fury pass'd,

Securely fix'd in its firm settled Weight ;

But, by a sudden Whirlwind smote,

It shivers to the Root,

And headlong down the Precipice is furious cast.

IX. Then

IX.

Then did I sing, with Heart oppress'd,
 " Why stare the Populace with haggard Eyes? 110
 Why wring their Hands in Anguish to the Skies?
 Why creeps a chilling Damp through every Breast?
 Parties and Sects are now agreed;
 Ev'n Faction droops her *Gorgon* Head.
 What are the copious Tears all *Britain* streams,
 Oh! great AUGUSTA, if compar'd to thine?
 How, like a wane-worn Moon, thy Beauty gleams,
 Through the torn Tresses, that no more entwine
 Their golden Ringlets on thy Swan-hu'd Neck?
 Grief has suck'd all the Roses of thy Cheek; 120
 Dry'd from thy Eyes the crystal Dew divine.

X.

Thus sang the Muse: " Thy little weeping Train,
 Augment thy widow'd Pain.
 Oh! *royal Mourner*, thy connubial Love,
 Conspicuous as the solar Ray,
 Illuming the dark Face of Day,
 Full Years of former Pleasures prove.

To

To try thy latent Virtues, this great Storm,
 Perhaps, all gracious Heav'n has rais'd :
 Then let not Grief's abundant Tide deform 130
 The Brow of *Fortitude*—the Will of Heav'n be prais'd !

XI.

I mourn'd fair DENMARK'S * Fate, and o'er her Bier
 Shed the sad Tribute of the Muses' Tear. —
 Yet then advis'd to bear the mortal Blow :
 " Do not in perseverent Sorrows flow :
 Oh, turn, AUGUSTA, from the dreary Tomb ;
 Behold thy GEORGE like young *Ascanius* bloom ;
 Let him dispel the fable Train of Woe,
 And, mourning Princess ! dissipate a Mother's Gloom,"

XII.

Then sang the Muse another Theme, †
 Full of Glory, full of Fame. 140
 " Bring your Chaplets, strew your Flow'rs ;
 Strike the Tabor, string the Lyre :
 Let us greet the happy Hours,
 Let our Joys to Heav'n aspire. Come

* Princess LOUISA, Queen of *Denmark*, died on the 19th of *December*, 1751.

† Ode on the 4th of *June*, 1753, being the Birth-Day of his Royal Highness GEORGE Prince of *Wales*, now King GEORGE III.

Come form the Ring, and weave the Dance ;
 Sweetly sing the rural Lay :
 Ye Shepherds haste, ye Nymphs advance ;
 Come and crown this Holiday.
 — Hark ! the Drum with solemn Sound,
 Joins the Trumpet's sprightly Note ; 150
 While Jove-like Thunder shakes the Ground,
 Through the Cannon's brazen Throat :
 And the merry-tun'd Bells, in a sweet chearful Peal,
 Rang round : — oh ! GEORGE, thy natal Day to hail !”

XIII.

I sang, “ Grim *War* pull'd off the Vizor from his Face,
 And shrunk before the glorious Ray of *Peace* ;
 That rude *Rebellion*, with unhallow'd Hand,
 No more drove *Havoc* o'er a weeping Land ;
 That *Clamor*, *Strife*, and *Faction* fled the Day,
 While *Truth* and *Justice* spread their righteous Sway :
 That fair *Liberty* fate in the Vale,
 And beheld honest *Labor* at Work ;
 Where the strong Thresher lifted the Flail ;
 Or the Haymaker handled his Fork ;

That she heard the hoarse Peasant rejoice,
 As he turn'd up the Glebe with his Plow ;
 And the Milkmaid's more delicate Voice,
 As she brought up the Pail from her Cow."

XIII.

Then, chearful in her Views,
 Thus carol'd out the *Muse* :

170

" Around the flow'ry Mead, and fertile Field,
 See *Plenty* all her various Tribute yield :
 The Hop-Plantation and the Apple-Race,
 With Corn, best Gift of Heav'n ! the Prospect grace :
Bacchus, *Pomona*, *Ceres*, bless the Soil,
 And rich *Abundance* crowns the Farmer's Toil :
 Not more could *Amalthea*'s Horn contain,
 Of ripen'd Product, from the Field or Plain.
 Lo ! Health climbs up the Mountain's Brow,
 To see *Britannia*'s Wealth below ;

180

Where the thick Flock such Fleeces bear,
 As shame the antient *Tyrian* Pride :
 'Tis *Jafon*'s Wealth ; our Navies are
 But one great *Argos* o'er the Tide ;

Whose

Whose Womb contains so opulent a Store,
 As ev'n to purchase all *Potosi's* Ore.
 Blest Isle ! where *Freedom* happily receives
 That annual Treasure, which destroys ten thousand Slaves."

XV.

As in prophetic pleasing Song,
 Thus did the Muse her Notes prolong. 190
 " Ye venerable Patriarchs of the Wood,
 I long to see ye ploughing up the Flood ;
 All rang'd in terrible Array,
 Where *royal* EDWARD points the Way,
 To humble *France*, to crush the *Spanish* Pride,
 And strew the *Bourbon* Lillies o'er the Tide.
 Then should BRITANNIA, Ocean's Queen,
 Like her own Oak, supremely rise :
 The World should then obey her Reign ;
 Her Power extend to *Polar* Skies. 200
 To her, the *African* alone should bow ;
 For her, the *Indian* only toil ;
 All *Asia's* Wealth for her alone should flow ;
 The World should center in her Isle. —

Blest Prospect ! Commerce rear thy languid Head :
Look up ; thy EDWARD shall protect his drooping Maid."

XVI.

The Muse should here a nobler Theme pursue ;
GRANVILLE commanded, and it was his Due.

" Britain's *Ascanius*, from thy Grandfire learn

How to direct the royal Sway :

210

Like him, the Victor's Laurels nobly earn,

Or teach rude Factions to obey.

Late be the Hour ; but when he gains the Skies,

How glorious then will all thy Virtues rise !

When GRANVILLE's Counsels guard the Throne,

To guide the Sword, the Olive spread ;

What can we fear ? a glorious Crown

Shall shine encircling on thy royal Head.

Britannia shall regain her lost Renown ;

While Peace and Freedom dance in ev'ry Shade.

So young *Augustus* sway'd the *Roman* State ;

Thus good *Mecænas* won a Nation's Love :

'Tis Virtue wisely to select the Great ;

'Tis virtuous Wisdom's Counsel to approve.

Peace

Peace won by War more solid Glory brings,
Than all the Palms of all the warring Kings.
Thy *Granville* shall behold no *Pyrrhus* here ;
Nor, like his *Cineas*, thy Ambition fear.

Beneath his ever zealous Care,

How great, how glorious shalt thou shine, 230

With EDWARD, of thy own illustrious Line ?

How very terrible in War ;

In Peace how amiably divine ?

Another *Harry* o'er the Field,

Where *Agincourt* shall grace the Shield :

Another EDWARD o'er the Plain,

Where ev'ry Art proclaims thy Reign."

XVII.

The Swan of *Thebes*, 'tis said, has soar'd the Sky ;

Our humbler Muse, contented, makes Reply,

That *Theron* is a Name, 240

Not so renown'd in Fame,

As royal EDWARD and his noble Ancestry.

Olympic Wreaths were trivial Things,

Compar'd with nobler Meeds of BRITISH Kings.

Thus

Thus the *Muses*, enliven'd, shall rear up their Head,
And tune the sweet Symphony round the gay Mead.

While *Freedom* and *Plenty* shall form their blyth Band,
The *Sciences* too shall be there :

Fair *Commerce* shall bring up each Art in her Hand,

And their Festival last through the Year : 250

While *Britain's* blest Children shall happily sing,

“ Great GEORGE is our Father, our Patron, and King.”

XVIII.

When fair *Augusta* gave to EDWARD Birth,

His royal *Grandfire* hail'd the happy Day :

The *British* Peers, from *Severn* to the *Firth*,

Congratulated EDWARD's rising Ray.

The Stamina of Wealth, and *British* Pride,

Who brought Home Opulence with every Tide,

To crown the fertile Banks of silver *Thames* ;

Their sacred Monarch on that Theme address'd, 260

Strong wishing, as it after stood confess'd,

The royal Infant Freedom strong inflames.

XIX.

Beneath his royal Parents tender Care,

And nurtur'd with their eldest blooming Heir,

He

He strove Affections to obtain ;

A Nation's Love !

The Public did approve ;

And he a Nation's Love did gain.

For royal FREDERICK improv'd each Mind,

By Learning, Arts, and Sciences refin'd : 270

Witness that ever memorable Day, *

When royal Youths perform'd the tragic Lay.

What

* The 4th of *January*, 1749, when the Tragedy of CATO was performed at *Leicester-House*, before a great Number of Persons of Quality, by the Princes and Princesses, Sons and Daughters to their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of *Wales*, and several young Persons of Distinction ; who performed it again the next Day with great Applause.

The Characters were filled up as follows :

Pertius, by his Royal Highness Prince GEORGE, in the Eleventh Year of his Age.

Juba, by his Royal Highness Prince EDWARD AUGUSTUS, in the Tenth Year of his Age.

Cato, Master *Nugent*, then an *Eton* Scholar, Son of *Robert Nugent*, Esq;

Sempronius, Master *Evelyn*, Son of *John Evelyn*, Esq;

Lucius, Master *Montagu*.

Decius, Lord *Milfington*, Son to the Earl of *Portmore*.

Sypbax, Master *North*.

Marcus, Master *Maddan*.

Marcia, her Royal Highness the Princess AUGUSTA, in the Twelfth Year of her Age.

Lucia, her Royal Highness the late Princess ELIZABETH CAROLINA, in the Ninth Year of her Age.

From *Virgil's Heliconian* Spring,
 A Subject fit for *Lucan's* Wing,
 Was the selected Theme,
 Glowing with CATO's Fame :
 For to the noble *Roman* Muse
 Did *Addison* convey
 A *British* patriotic Lay,
 That Tyranny subdues.

280

XX.

By royal GEORGE was PORTIUS nobly done,
 Who thus declaim'd, becoming CATO's Son :
 " 'To speak with Freedom, Dignity, and Ease ;
 To learn those Arts, which may hereafter please ;
 Wise Authors say, — Let Youth, in earliest Age,
 Rehearse the Poets' Labours on the Stage.
 Nay, more ! a nobler End is still behind ;
 The Poets' Labors elevate the Mind.
 Teach our young Hearts with gen'rous Fire to burn,
 And feel the virtuous Sentiments we learn." —
 " What, though a Boy, it may with Pride be said,
 A Boy, in *England* born, in *England* bred ;

290

Where

Where Freedom well becomes the earliest State;
For there the Love of Freedom is innate.*

XXI.

AUGUSTA next and EDWARD had their "Phrases,"
Though young, they try'd "to get in Vogue;
And fearing "GEORGE alone had all the Praises,"
They both "contriv'd to speak an Epilogue."

Thus EDWARD:—"GEORGE, 'tis true, youchsaf'd to mention
His future gracious Intention; 300

In such heroic Strains, that no Man
Will e'er deny his Soul is *Roman*.

But what have you or I to say to
The pompous Sentiments of CATO?

GEORGE is to have imperial Sway;

Our Task is only to obey.

And, trust me, I'll not thwart his Will;

But be his faithful JUBA still."

AUGUSTA said, "Go where I will,

ENGLAND shall have my Wishes still." 310

EDWARD reply'd,

With conscious Pride,

D

" In

* See the Prologue, spoke by his present Majesty.

“ In ~~ENGLAND~~ born, my Inclination,
 Like yours, is wedded to the Nation;
 And future Times, I hope, will see
 Me General in Reality.
 Indeed, I wish to serve this Land;
 It is my *Father's* strict Command;
 And none he gave will ever be
 More chearfully obey'd by me.”* 320

XXII.

Either some Angel plann'd the Poet's Page,
 And *Addison* foretold the present Age;
 Or EDWARD, prompted by a kindred Flame,
 Strove for the Patriot's and the Hero's Name. l

The sacred Muse began her Lays,

And plac'd the Laurel with the Bays.

“ Well may a brighter *Marcia* shine on Earth,
 When such she shines who gave our *Marcia* Birth;
 While rich with *British* Worth and *Roman* Fire,
 A second *Juba* emulates his Sire; 330
 And Nature's Gifts, by lib'ral Care refin'd,
 Stamp in ELIZABETH a *Lucia's* Mind.”

XXIII.

* See the Epilogue.

Oh ! for the glorious Pearl of War,
 That beam'd on youthful *Edward's* * Spear,
 When *Maye's* fair Stream with *Gallic* Blood was dy'd ;
 And all the royal Line of *France*
 Fled from the Blaze of *Edward's* Lance,
 In *Cressy's* Plain, where *British* Worth was try'd :
 Where royal *Alanson* expir'd ;
 And old *Bohemia* lost his Life and Crown ; 340
 Whose Arms the youthful Victor fir'd,
 And *Edward* wore those Ensigns with his own.
 Then *Calais* open'd her long resisting Gates ;
 And Vict'ry still on royal *Edward* waits,
 To *Poitiers* memorable Field,
 Where *Gallia's* num'rous Legions tamely fly,
 Leaving their Monarch in Captivity,
 And all the Palms of Glory yield.
 Thus would our *EDWARD* say ;
 Or trace the fair Renown, 350
 That won brave *YORK* † the Crown ;
 Or hear the Muses' Lay,

In

* Surnamed the *Black Prince*; the eldest Son of K. *Edward* III. in 1346.

† *Edward* IV. in 1460.

In *Redburn's* still, domestic, sweet Retreat,
Fit for a Monarch and the Muses' Seat.

XXIV.

Oh, *Redburn*, where thy verdant Vales extend,
This Prince enjoy'd the Solace of his Friend :

“ Come, let us leave the busy Croud,
Nor throng the City's ample Gate ;
Come, leave the base, the vain, and proud,
Quit Care, and scorn the Pomp of State. 360

In the Hamlet seek for Quiet,
Sober Ease, and temp'rate Diet ;
Exercise, or studious Leisure,
Honest Mirth, and social Pleasure.

XXV.

Refin'd in Manners, gentle, kind, and brave,
We thought to see thee Sov'reign of the Wave, *

Where, like his *Phœnix*, † he should shine :
But *Nereus* hears the melancholy Tale ;
And *Thetis*, in her coral-fretted Vale,
Laments him, as of *Peleus'* Line. 370

His

* Lord High Admiral.

† A Ship, called the *Phœnix*, was built by Mr. *Batson*, in 1759, of which his Royal Highness was appointed Commander.

His loving Brothers, and his royal King,

Deplore his ever fatal Loss :

Maternal Grief it does engross ;

And from BRITANNIA flows the tearful Spring,
Which, spreading round her wide imperial Realms,
Makes Conquest mourn, and Honour overwhelms.

XXVI.

Where soft *Clitumnus* spreads his sacred Streams,
Our EDWARD went, and left the Banks of *Thames*.

The *Mastic* Juice in vain may flow ;

The Citron Grove in vain may blow : 380

Hesperia weeps, and worthy Honours pays ;

Conjunct with *Britain*, *Rome* shall found the Lays ;

From Bards inspir'd at *Virgil's* Tomb,

Or where the Dust of *Tasso* lies ;

Where *Ariosto's* Honours bloom,

And *Vida's* Glory never dies.

XXVII.

What gentle *Petrarch*, or *Vitalis* sung,

Our *York* admir'd, and deem'd the *British* Tongue,

Refin'd, to speak *Italia's* Praise,

As rich as antient *Latian* Lays. 390

“ The

" The antient Seat of Empire here we trace,
 In War victorious, dreaded ev'n in Peace.—
 Alas ! this Scite is all that now we know,
 And what was *Rome* her Ruins only shew.
 The glorious Ruins her Sepulchre frame ;
 A Monument of unextinguish'd Fame.

XXVIII.

To seek for *Rome*, great Stranger, art thou come ?
 Old *Numa's* Walls contain no Marks of *Rome*.
 See the vast Theatres, a shapeless Load,
 And Sight more tragic than they ever show'd. 400
 This, this is *Rome* ! Her haughty Carcass spread,
 Still awes in Ruin, and commands when dead.
 Yet rolling *Tyber* still maintains his Stream,
 Swell'd with the Glories of the *Roman* Name.
 Strange Power of Fate ! unshaken Moles must waste,
 While Things that ever move, for ever last."

XXIX.

When *YORK* expir'd, the Graces wept ;
 The Muses awful Silence kept :

Melpomene

Melpomene her sacred Stylum took,
And thus inscrib'd in Fame's immortal Book : 410

" We *Cyrus*, *Alexander*, *Cæsar*, praise,
These were remote ; our modern Days

With all Antiquity can vie.

The martial *Craufurd*, and the bold *Argyle*,
Perform'd great Honours for *Britannia's* Isle,

And noble *Granville's* Fame can never die.

Nor, royal EDWARD, shall thy Virtues fade,

Which often have the loving Muses sung,

Pleas'd to attend thee in the rural Scene :

Alas ! thou can'st no more frequent the Glade, 420

Nor where the Vales with Harmony have rung :

For Heav'n receives thee glorious and serene."

The E N D.

A LIST of some principal BOOKS written by the
AUTHOR of this little PIECE.

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